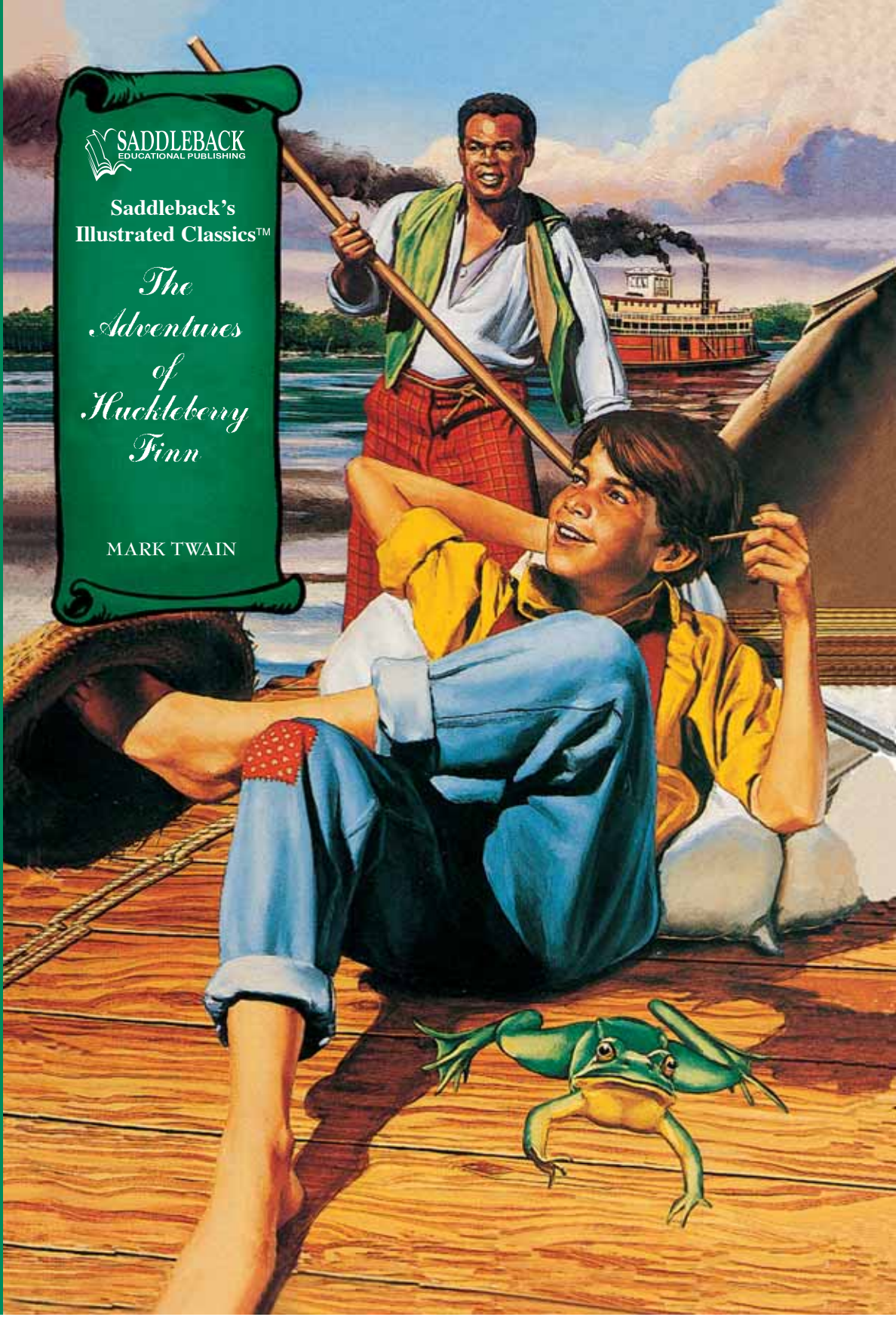




Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

*The
Adventures
of
Huckleberry
Finn*

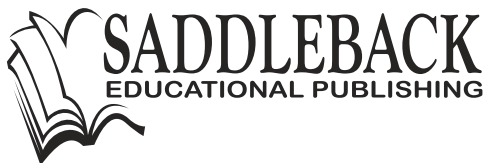
MARK TWAIN



THE ADVENTURES OF

Huckleberry Finn

MARK TWAIN



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™



Three Watson
Irvine, CA 92618-2767
Website: www.sdlback.com

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ISBN 1-56254-906-5

Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*[™], you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics™*. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



Samuel Clemens

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, an American novelist, wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain. He is known as one of the major authors of American fiction and the greatest humorist in American literature. He was born in 1835 in Florida, Missouri. His family moved to Hannibal, Missouri, a village on the Mississippi River in 1839. His father died in debt in 1847, and Samuel Clemens went to work for a newspaper and printing firm.

He had little formal education, learning what he needed to know while working in the printing business. In 1857, Clemens decided to become a riverboat pilot. His pen name, *Mark Twain*, comes from a riverboat term meaning *two fathoms* (a depth of 12 feet, or 3.7 meters).

In 1861, the Civil War stopped commercial boat traffic on the Mississippi, and Clemens left the river.

He wrote many books including *The Prince and the Pauper* and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* tells the story of two runaways—young Huck Finn and a slave named Jim. The book is a sequel to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

Samuel Clemens died in 1910.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

THE ADVENTURES OF

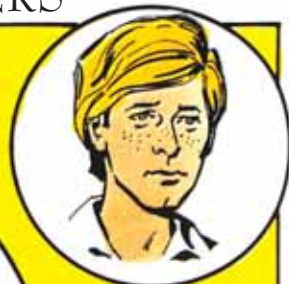
Huckleberry Finn

MARK TWAIN

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Jim



Tom Sawyer



Huckleberry Finn



Widow Douglas



Pap

Huck Finn was a drop-out. He didn't like sleeping under a roof and wearing nice clothes and staying clean and doing things on time. He did like getting dirty and sleeping in the woods and playing hookey from school. So he ran away to float down the Mississippi River on a raft with his black friend, Jim, each looking for his own kind of freedom.



"There wasn't no home like a raft. Other places seem so crowded and stuffy. You might say the days swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. Nights we had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened. Jim, he said they was made; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could 'a laid them. I didn't say nothing against it because I've seen a frog lay most as many."

When Pap was around, I mostly lived in the woods. But after he went away the Widow Douglas took me for her son and said she would civilize me. It was rough.

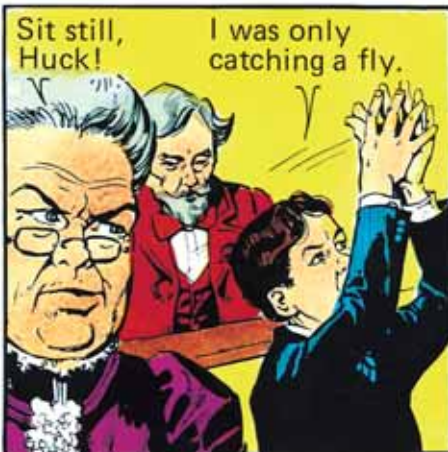


But I couldn't eat till the Widow prayed some over the food.



On Sundays I had to wear shoes all day, and go to church!

Did you ever notice, if you're anywhere it won't do for you to scratch, you will itch all over?



Then her old maid sister, Miss Watson, came to live with her and she was worse.



It was terrible living with them. But I stayed for one reason.

I tell you, Tom, I just can't stand it! I'm gonna run away.



All right, Tom. I'll stick it out a while longer if you'll hurry and start the robber gang.

You bet! I'll get the boys together and we'll meet some night at midnight.



So one night after I heard the town clock strike twelve times, a twig snapped outside.



I climbed out of the window onto the shed and slid to the ground, and there was Tom.



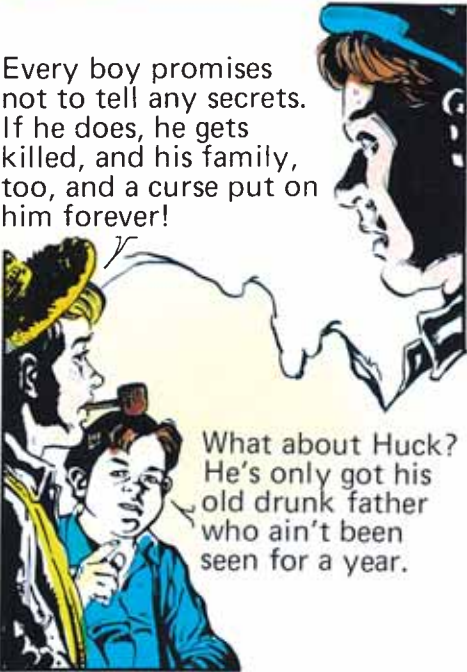
Tom! Come on. . . we'll go to our secret cave.

Now we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's Gang. Everybody has got to take an oath!



What's the oath?

Every boy promises not to tell any secrets. If he does, he gets killed, and his family, too, and a curse put on him forever!



What about Huck? He's only got his old drunk father who ain't been seen for a year.

Everybody has to have somebody to kill.

Yes, or it wouldn't be fair and square to the others.



Everybody was bothered and I was almost ready to cry. Then I thought of a way.



We played robber now and then about a month, and then I quit. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. I couldn't see no reason in it. It was just boring. And there I was stuck with regular hours and going to school and Miss Watson.

One morning at breakfast I spilled the salt. I reached for some to throw over my shoulder to keep off bad luck, but Miss Watson was ahead of me.

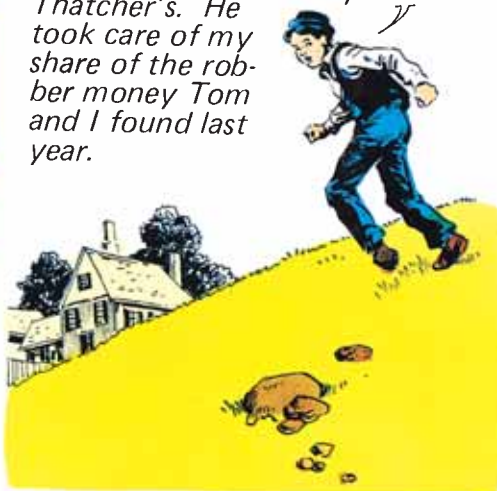


So I knew something bad was going to happen. And when I went outside, I saw somebody's foot-prints in the soft dirt.



In a second I was running down the hill to Judge Thatcher's. He took care of my share of the robber money Tom and I found last year.

I don't see nobody yet!



I want to give you my six thousand dollars, Judge. . .all of it!

What can you mean, my boy?



Don't ask questions! Just take it. . .please!



Sign this paper, Huck, and I will keep the money safe for you.





And ain't you a sweet-smelling fellow! A bed and a mirror and a carpet on the floor. . .and your own father got to sleep with the hogs.



And they tell me you can read and write! Think you're better than your father now, don't you, because he can't!



And they say you're rich, too! That's why I come. You get me that money tomorrow!



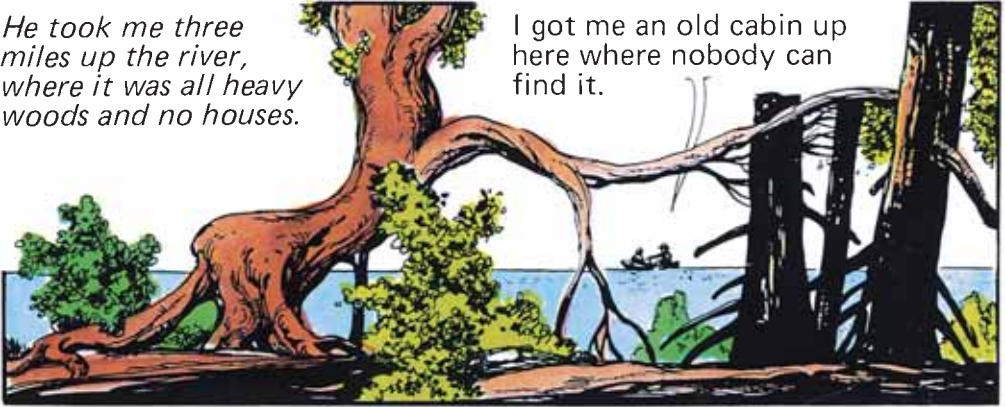


He got to hanging around Widow's too much, and she threatened to make trouble. So one day in spring he waited for me.

Well, the old man went for Judge Thatcher in court to make him give up that money. The law-trial was a slow business. Meanwhile every time Pap got any money he got drunk and caused trouble and got jailed. This was fine with him. I hadn't wanted to go to school before, but I went now to spite Pap. He caught me a couple of times and whipped me.



He took me three miles up the river, where it was all heavy woods and no houses.



I got me an old cabin up here where nobody can find it.



There's a good lock on that door and I'm sleeping with the key under my head, so don't get no ideas about running away.

We lived on hunting and fishing. Pap kept me with him all the time.



It was kind of a good life and after a while I didn't want to go back to town.

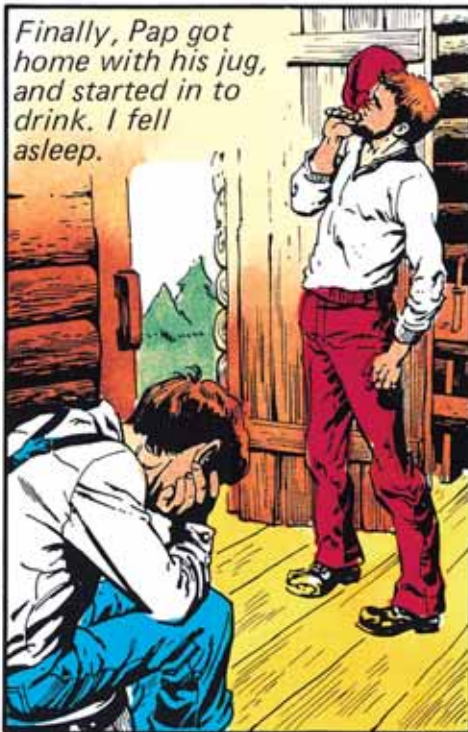


Except every little while Pap went down to the store at the ferry and traded fish and game for whiskey, and brought it home and got drunk and beat me. And while he was gone, he locked me in. It was terrible lonesome. Once he was gone three days and I was scared I'd never get out.



I hunted the place over a hundred times. Finally I found something.





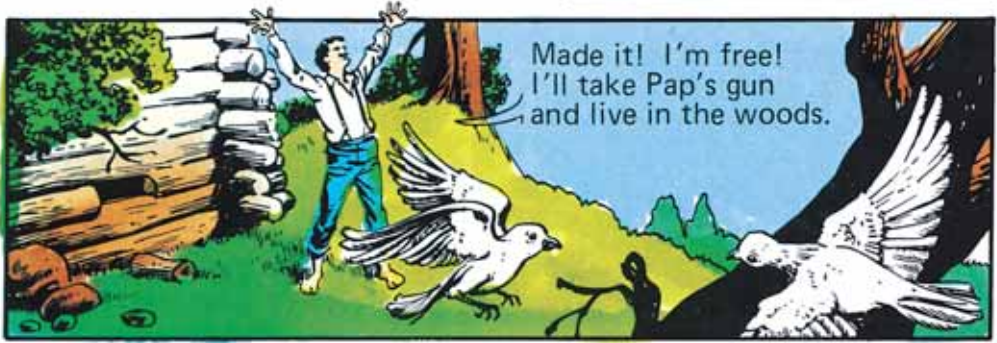
I woke up later and Pap had gone kind of mad from the drink.



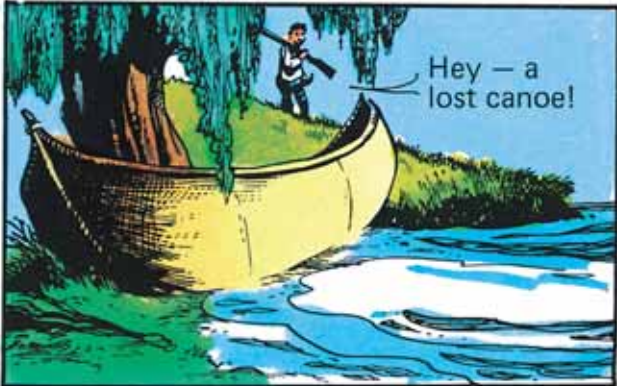
Next time Pap went to town, I got busy.



I sawed out a part of a log. . . .



I went along up the river bank, with one eye out for Pap and the other out for what the June floods might float down the river.



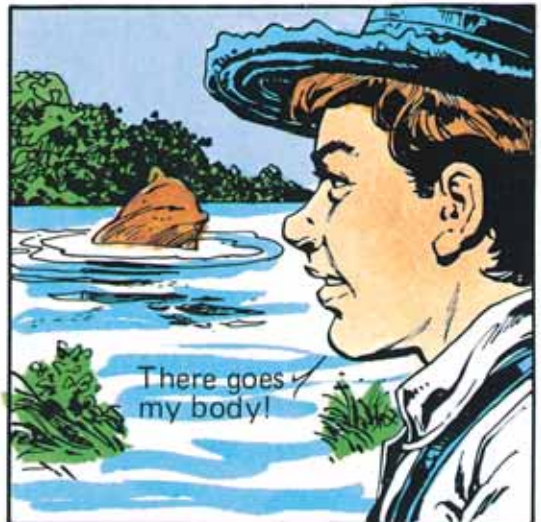
Now, I got a better idea. I'll go down river and camp.



With the canoe, I could carry supplies. On the way back to get them, I had an idea.



This sack of stones will look like they dragged my body to the river.



It'll look like the robbers left this way with the supplies.



I wished Tom Sawyer was there. He'd have liked my escape plan.

Bullets, coffee,
sugar, fishlines,
flour, blankets,
matches. . . .



Then I
pushed
off.

I'll sail to
Jackson's Island.
Nobody ever
goes there.



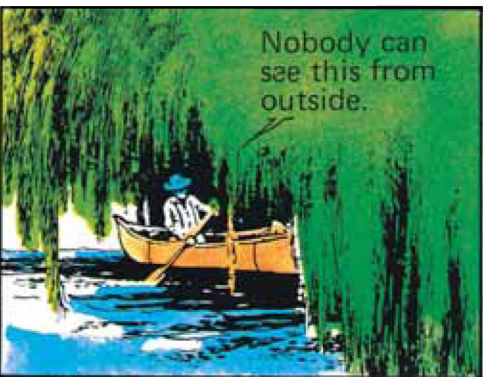
Jackson's Island
was in the middle
of the river, big
and dark, like a
steamboat
without any
lights.

It's mighty
nice and
peaceful out
here.



It didn't take me long to get
there. I ran the canoe in under
the tree branches.

Nobody can
see this from
outside.



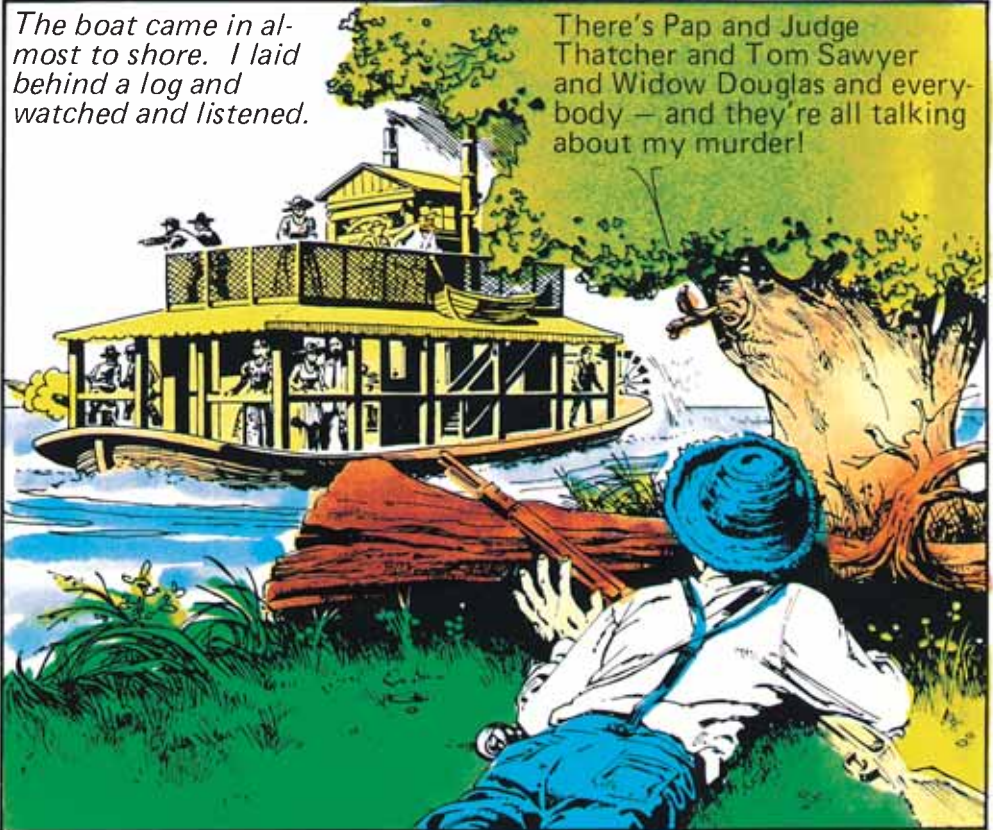
Then I stepped into
the woods and laid
down for a nap.



When I woke the next morning the sun was high. I felt lazy and comfortable. . .till I heard a noise.



The boat came in almost to shore. I laid behind a log and watched and listened.



The boat went all the way around the island and then back home, so I knowed I was all right.



For three days I did nothing but catch fish, eat berries, and explore. Then all of a sudden I bumped right into the ashes of a campfire.



Then I climbed a tree. But after two hours...



I slipped off towards where I'd seen the campfire. I went careful and slow. Sure enough there lay a man wrapped in a blanket.



Pretty soon he threw off the blanket and moved himself. It was Miss Watson's slave, Jim!



Now I wasn't scared any longer. . .but Jim was!



It didn't take long to make him believe I was alive. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I wasn't lonesome now.



Jim had no supplies and no gun so he'd been eating berries and things. We caught a catfish and made a fire and had breakfast.

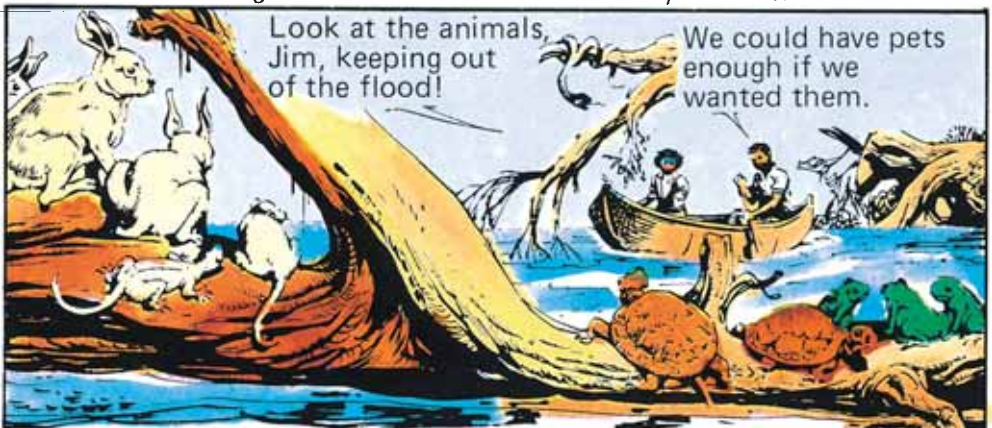




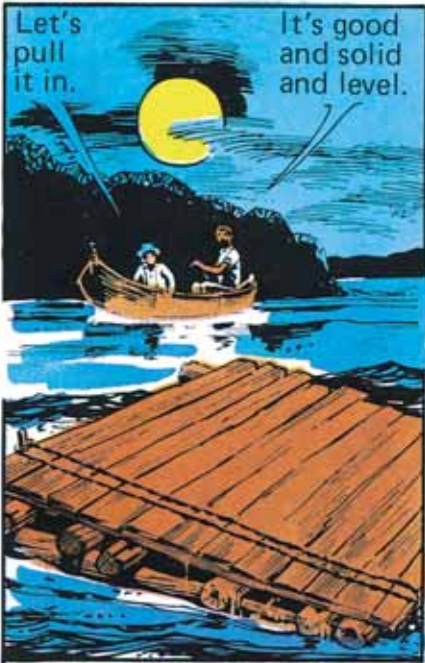
It began to thunder and lightning, and rain like mad; and I never seen the wind blow so!



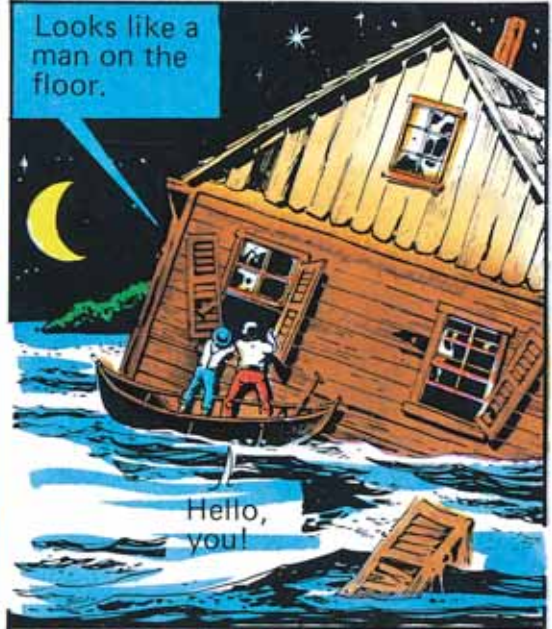
The river rose for ten or twelve days from the rain and melting snow. It was three feet on the low parts of the island, and we rowed all over. The sun was hot again but it was cool in the deep woods.



One night we caught a piece of a lumber raft.



Another night, a frame house came floating down in the flood! We rowed out and tied up to it.

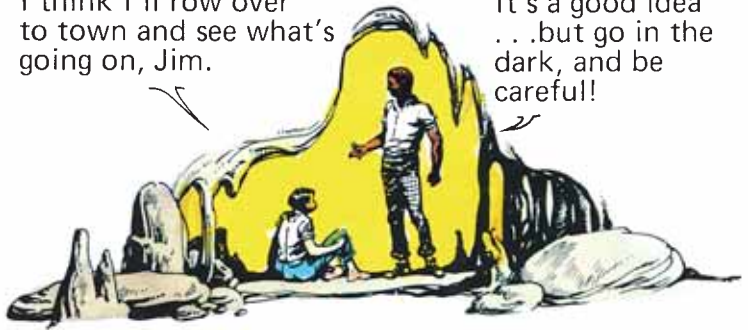




We got home all safe, and the days went along, and the river went down. It began to get slow and dull.

I think I'll row over to town and see what's going on, Jim.

It's a good idea . . . but go in the dark, and be careful!



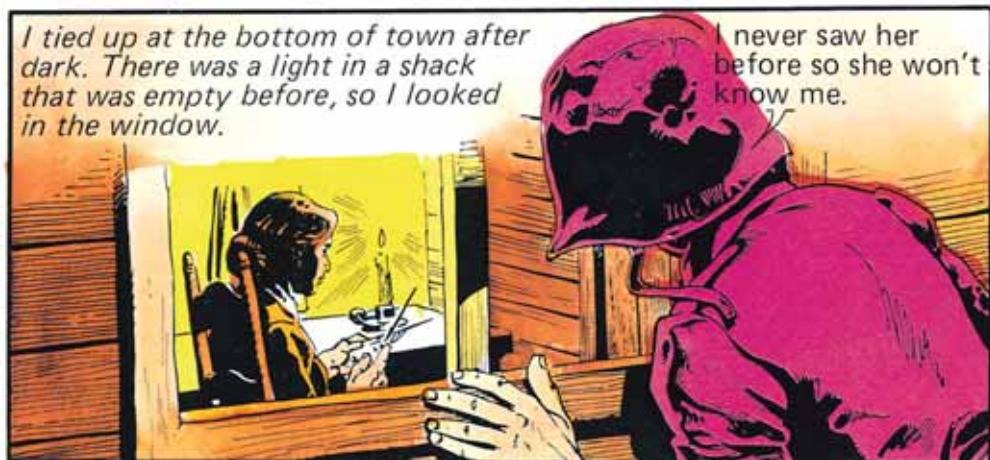
How's this?

It's a fair fit. Nobody would know you. . . .



I tied up at the bottom of town after dark. There was a light in a shack that was empty before, so I looked in the window.

I never saw her before so she won't know me.



Come in!
Have a chair!
What might your name be?

Sarah Williams, ma'm. I've walked a long way and I'm very tired.



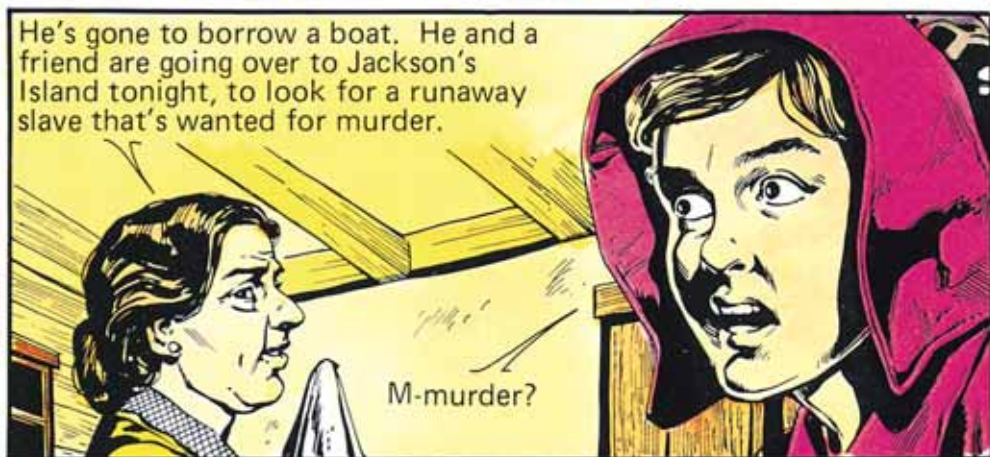
My Mom's sick and out of money, and I've come to get help from my uncle... at the upper end of town.

You had best stay here all night. When my husband gets home, he'll go along with you.



He's gone to borrow a boat. He and a friend are going over to Jackson's Island tonight, to look for a runaway slave that's wanted for murder.

M-murder?



They say this slave, Jim, murdered Huck Finn. There's a \$300 reward out for him. He ran off right after Huck Finn was killed.

Why, he...



You seem nervous child. What did you say your name is?

M-Mary Williams.



Honey! I thought you said it was Sarah!

Yes'm... Sarah Mary Williams.



What's your real name? Is it Bill, or Tom, or Bob?

Well, George Peters, ma'm.



Well, George, don't go around women in that dress. You don't look or act very much like a girl. Are you a runaway worker?

Yes'm... I was sent out to a mean old farmer and I run away.



He may be after me. I got to be moving!

Bless you, child, I won't tell on you. And good luck!



Outside, I was off in a hurry, back to the canoe.



Back on the island, I ran for the cave.



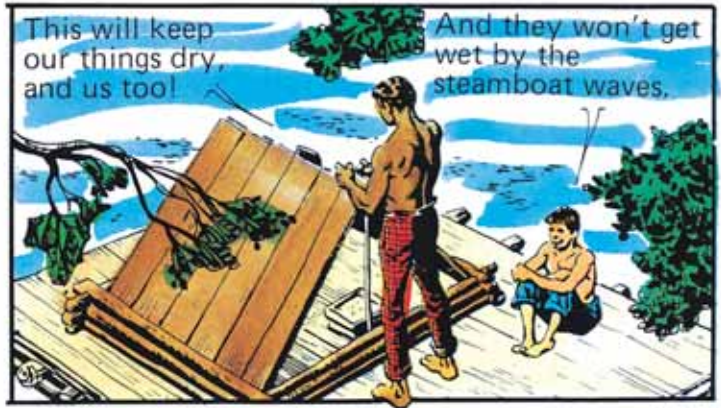
In half an hour everything we owned was loaded on our raft.



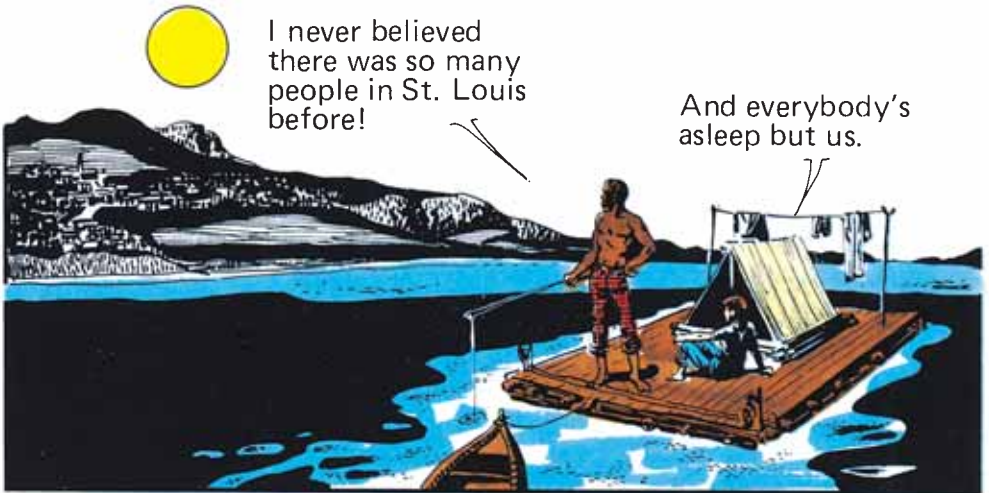
We floated out and slipped along past the foot of the island, very quiet. . . .



With the first light of day we tied up in a hidden cove where we thought it was safe to fix the raft. Jim built a tent, and a raised floor, and a dirt fireplace.



We traveled at night and hid in the daytime. The fifth night we passed St. Louis and it was like the whole world lit up.

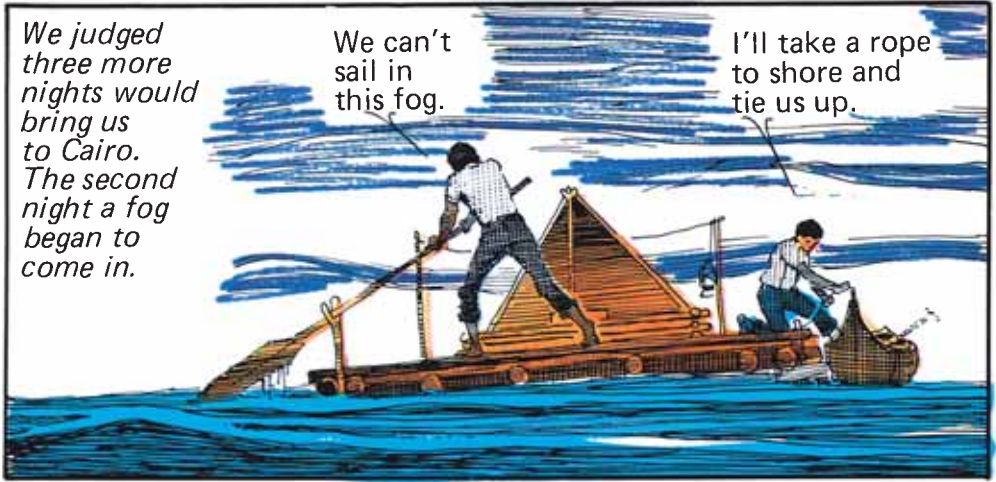


When we get to Cairo we can sell the raft and get on a steamboat and go up the Ohio River into the states where there are no slaves.



Then I'll be a free man! I'll be shouting for joy and I'll say it's all because of Huck!





We judged three more nights would bring us to Cairo. The second night a fog began to come in.

We can't sail in this fog.

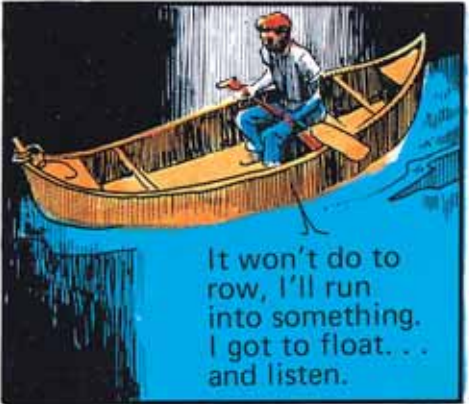
I'll take a rope to shore and tie us up.

But the raft was moving too fast because of the swift current. . . .



It's tore the tree out by the roots and it's gone!

I was scared sick. There wasn't no raft in sight. You couldn't see twenty yards.



It won't do to row, I'll run into something. I got to float. . . and listen.



I heard a whoop over this way!



No. . . it sounds like it's over there. . . .

*I just give up then,
I was too tired to
bother no more.*



*When I woke up the fog was gone.
Downstream I saw a black speck
on the water.*



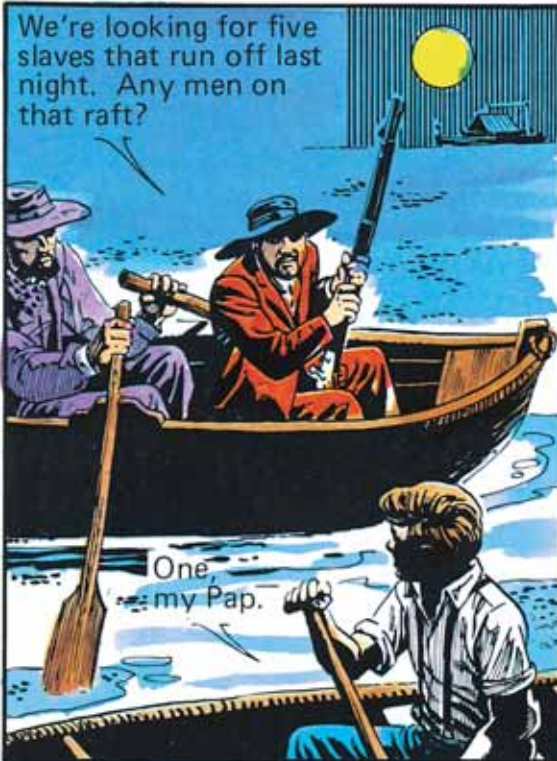
But one minute past
Cairo we're back in slave
country again, all the way
down the
river!

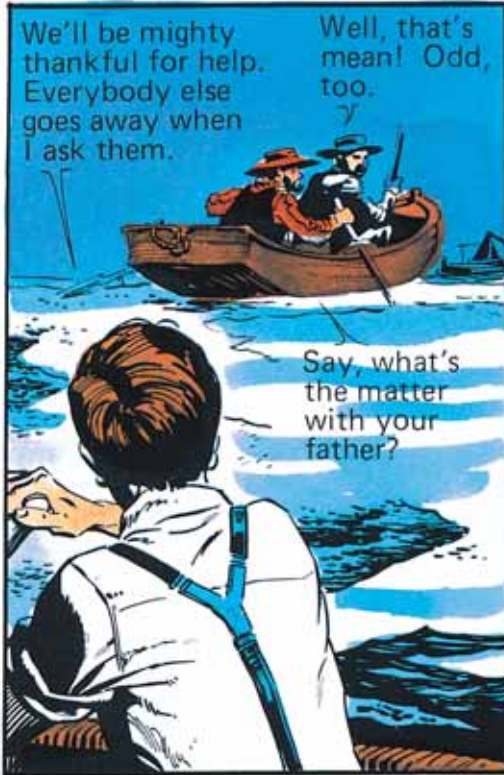


*So the next time we saw lights, I
planned to row ashore and find out
where we were.*

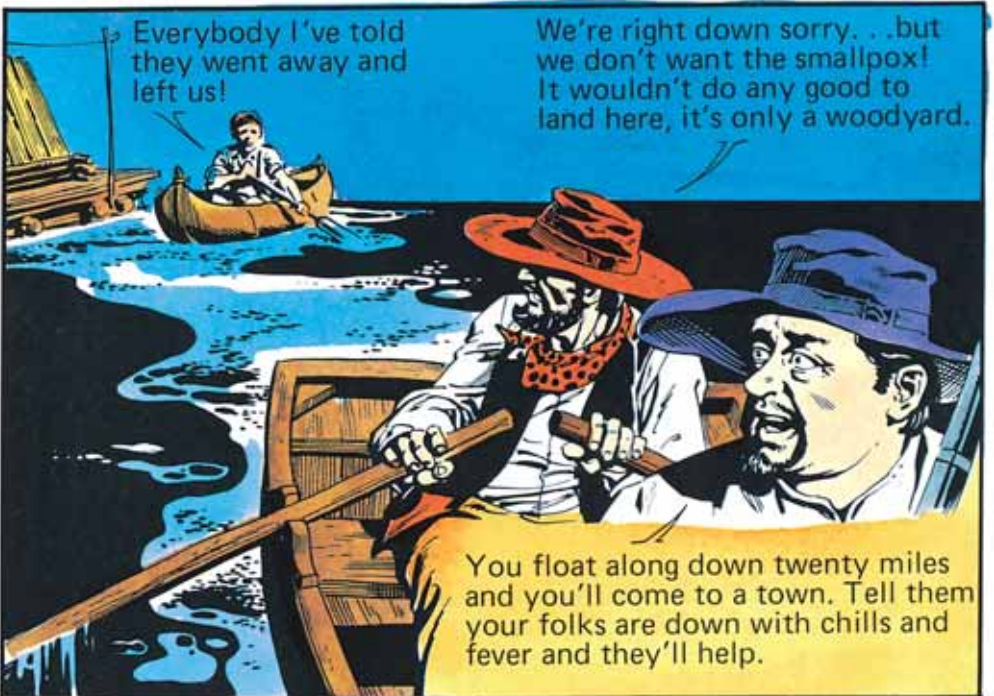


*Right then along comes a boat with two
men in it with guns.*





I was scared. It wasn't but a little way to the raft now.



They rowed away in a hurry, and I went back to the raft.

Jim! He's not here!



Here I is, Huck. I was going to swim for it if they come. . .but you was too smart for 'em!

We tied up for the day and hid the raft extra good. Jim spent the day fixing things in bundles, getting ready to quit rafting.

That night about ten we come in sight of the lights and I went off to ask about it.



It makes me all over scared to be so close to freedom! That next town got to be Cairo!

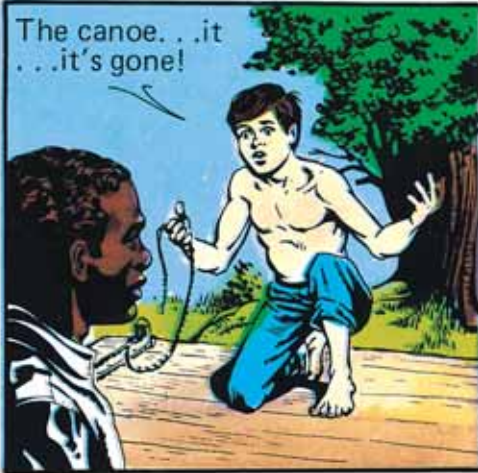


Mister, is that town Cairo?

Cairo? No. Cairo's way back up the river.



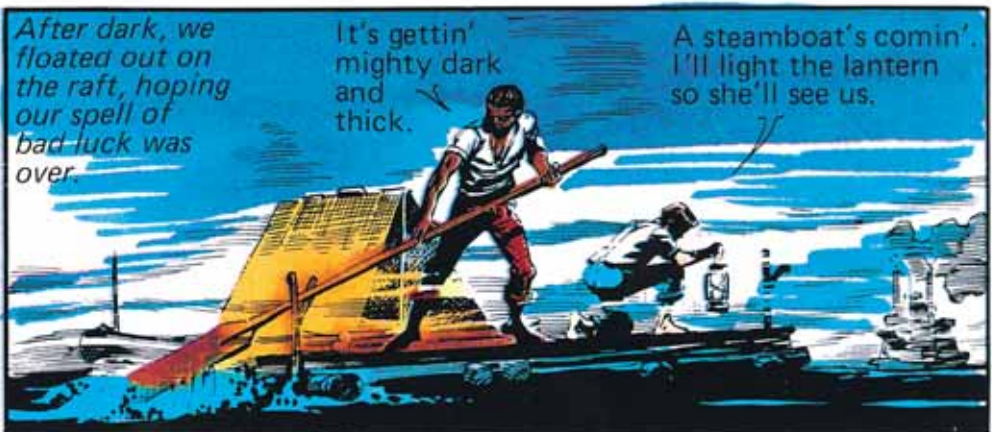
We hid the raft, and slept all day in a cottonwood forest so as to be fresh for the work. And when we went back.

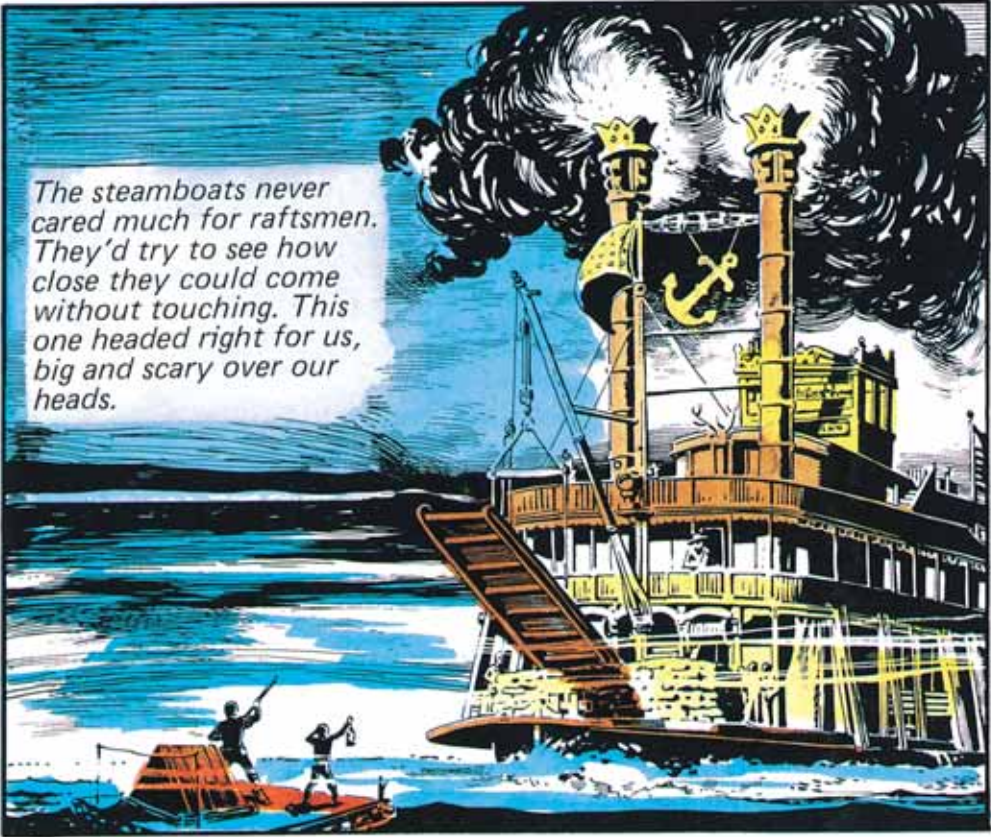


We didn't say a word for a while. Then we talked it over.

I can't see nothing but to float along with the raft till we can find a canoe to buy.

We sure can't steal one. That might set people after us.





There was a yell at us and a ringing of bells, and as Jim went into the water on one side and I on the other, she come smashing through the raft.

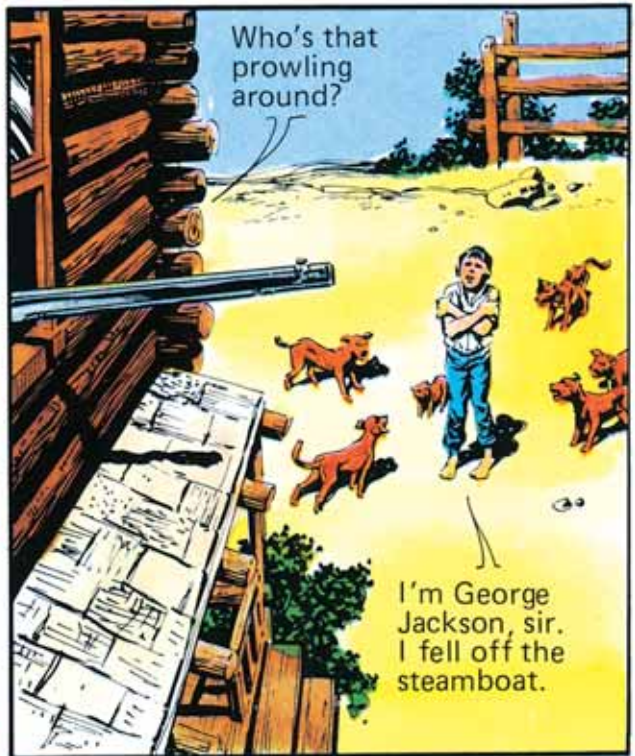
When I came to the top again, the boat was out of sight.





It was so dark, I came across a big house before I saw it.

A lot of dogs jumped out barking. I knowed better than to move.



I took one slow step at a time. There wasn't a sound. I could hear my heart beat!

I put my head in and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them.



After I was fed, I went to bed with Buck. Next morning, darn it, I forgot my name. So I tried a trick.



These people, the Grangerfords, were a mighty nice family. They had a mighty nice house, and a hundred slaves.

Son, consider you have a home here, as long as you want it.

And Jack, here, will be your personal servant. Each of us has one.

I'm surely thankful to you!

But even Buck, the youngest, never went anywhere without his gun.

How come you always carry your gun, Buck?

That's because of the feud. I might want to kill a Shepherdson.

Feud. . . Well, a man has a quarrel and kills another man; then that man's brother kills him; then the other brothers go for each other and cousins help too.

By and by everybody's killed off, but it's kind of slow. This one started thirty years ago. Three of my brothers has been killed.

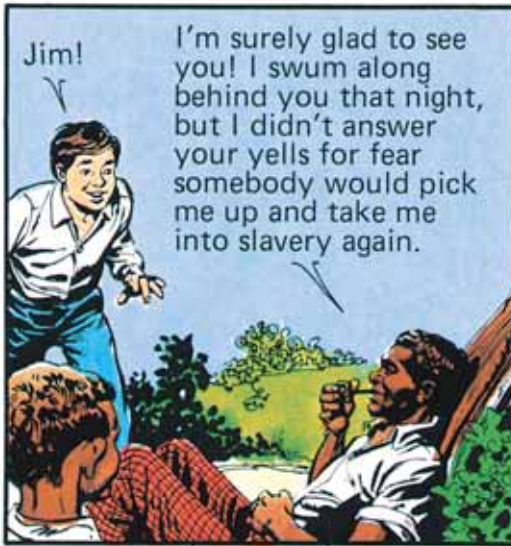
Those Shepherdsons must be awful!

No, indeed! They're just as fine and brave as. . . as we are!

Holy smoke, Buck!



He led me through the swamp to a bit of dry land in the middle, and there was a man.



The slaves here been taking care of me, and helping me patch up the raft and fill it with supplies. Now we's ready to go again when you are!

That sure is good news, Jim.



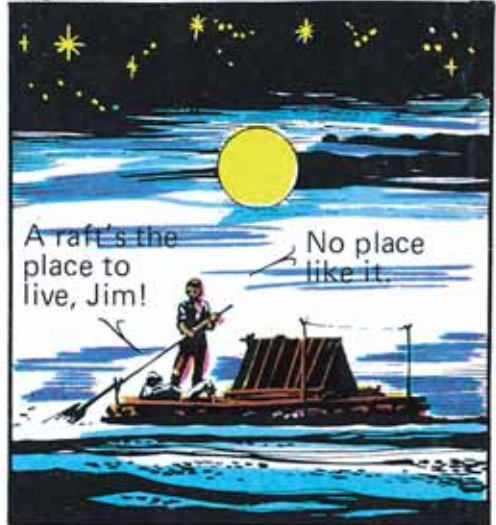
When I woke the next day, that whole big place was still as a mouse . . . nobody around, inside or out, but my boy, Jack.



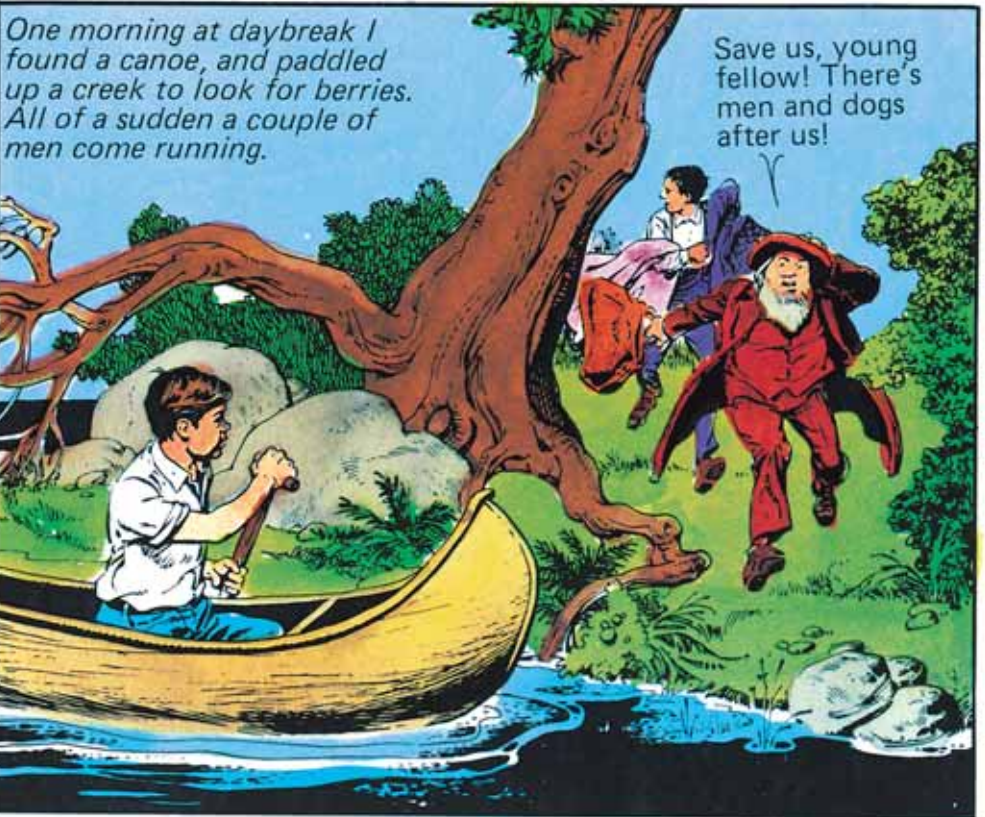
I figured it was time for me to go. I went and found Jim and we pushed off for the big water as fast as we could.



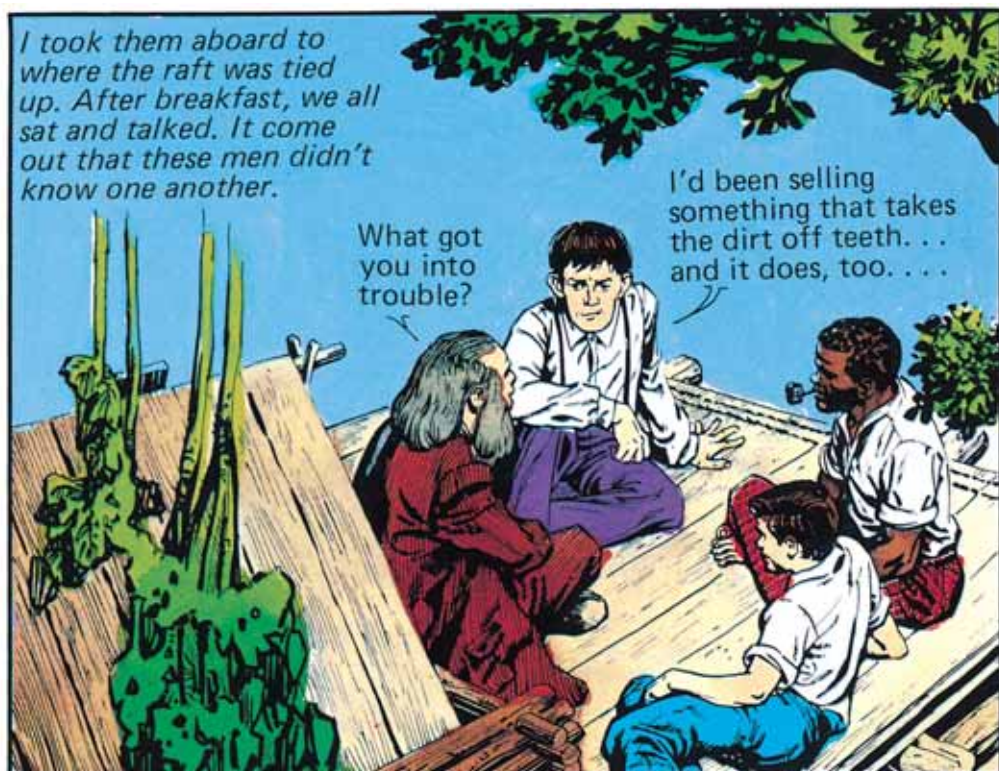
Two or three days and nights passed, quiet and lovely. Days we found a place to hide. Nights, out we went on the river.



One morning at daybreak I found a canoe, and paddled up a creek to look for berries. All of a sudden a couple of men come running.



I took them aboard to where the raft was tied up. After breakfast, we all sat and talked. It come out that these men didn't know one another.



What got you into trouble?

I'd been selling something that takes the dirt off teeth. . . and it does, too. . .

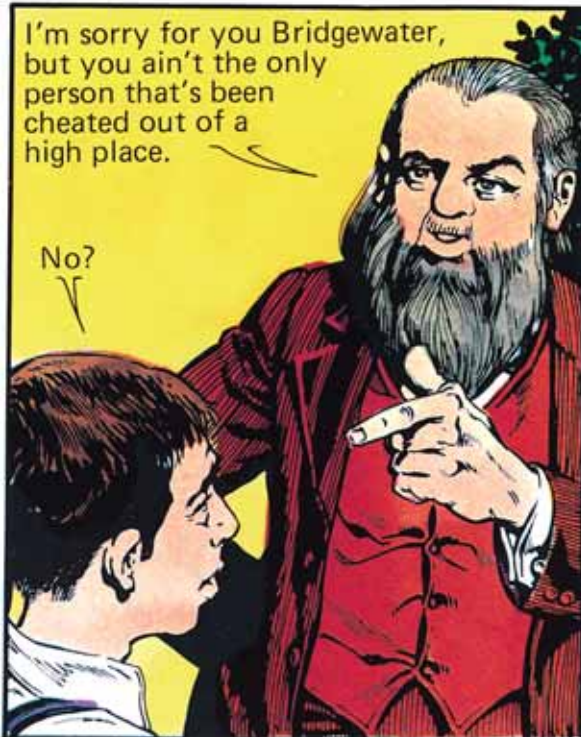
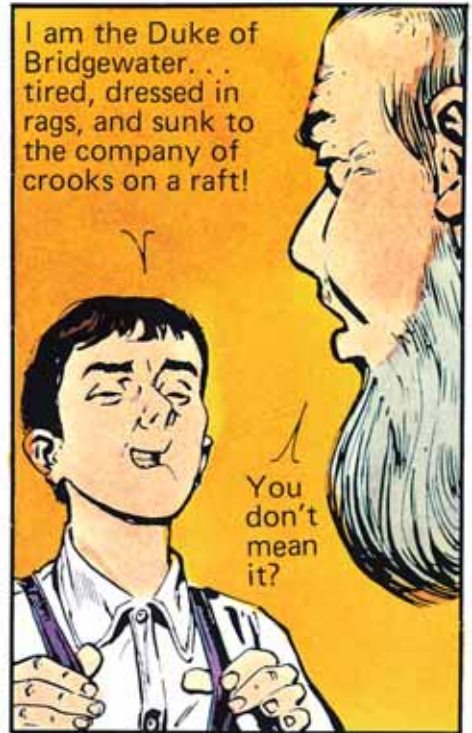
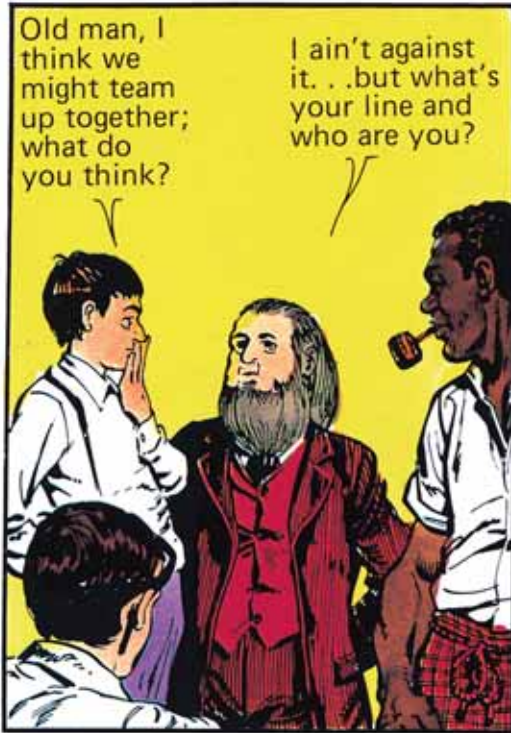
But it takes the enamel off as well!

I was sliding out of town quick when I ran across you. What got the dogs on you?



I been running a little temperance revival. Doing well, business growing all the time. . . till word got out I had my own bottle of whiskey that I drank when no one was around.

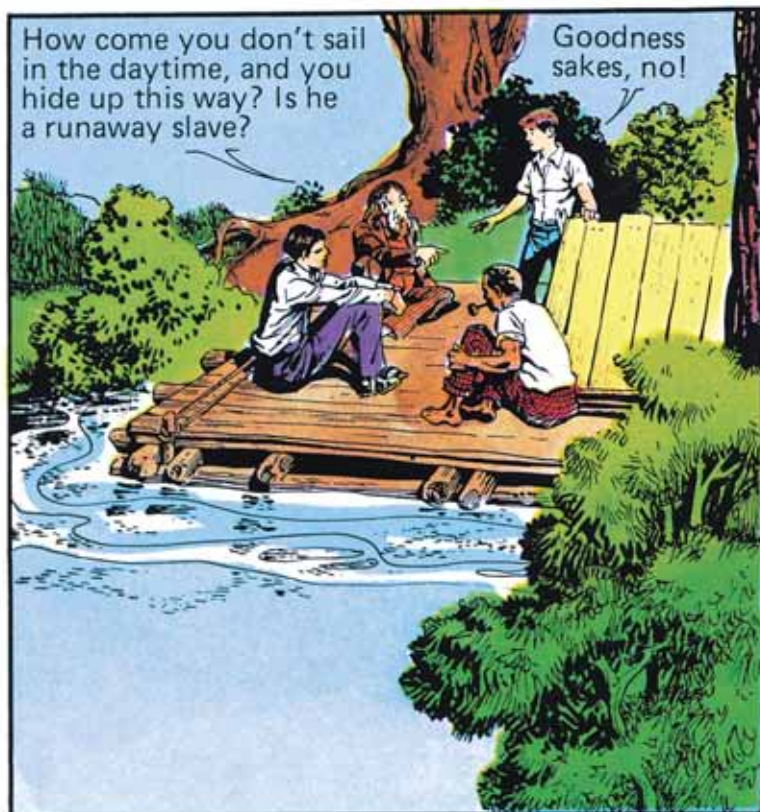




I am the late Dauphin, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette, the rightful King of France!



The King and the Duke got pretty mad with each other over the difference in rank. It didn't take me long to figure they weren't no kings or dukes at all, but just fakes, but I never let on. Then they started asking us questions.

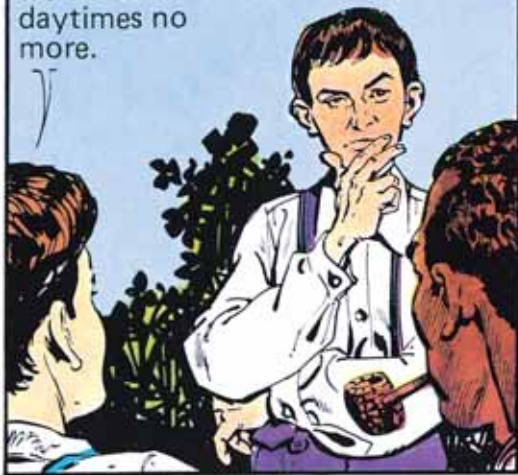


When Pap died, all he left me was sixteen dollars and a piece of raft and his slave, Jim. I thought to take Jim and the raft down to Uncle Ben's farm south of New Orleans.



But people kept thinking Jim was a runaway, and trying to take him away from me. So we don't run daytimes no more.

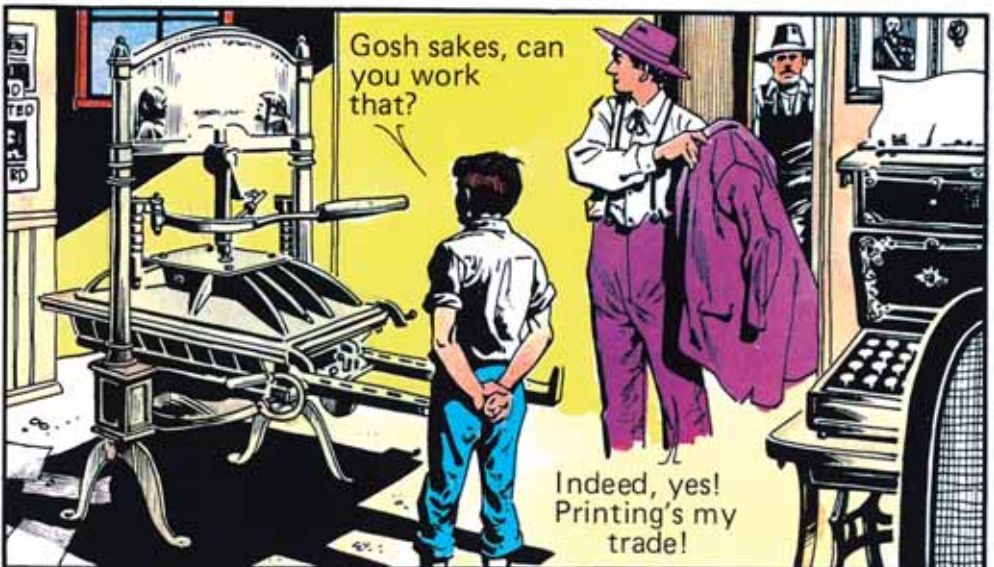
Let me think. I'll make up a plan to fix it.



That night we floated down river, and tied up near a little town. Next day the Duke wanted to visit it.

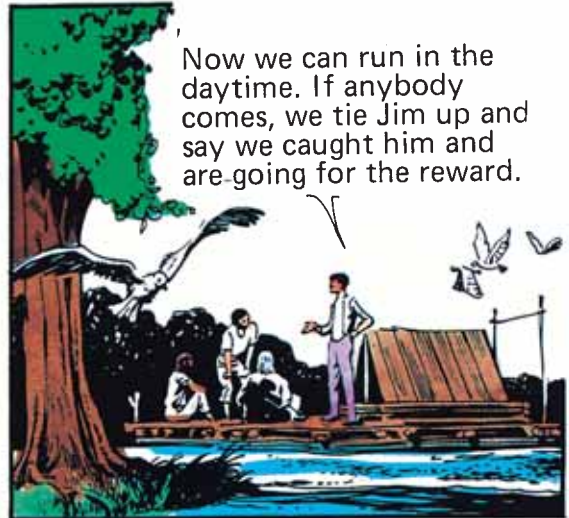
I've got a plan. I must go to town to fix it.

You go along, too, Huck. We needs coffee.





The Duke printed off two more jobs. . . and took the money. But the main job was one he printed for us.



We all said the duke was pretty smart. We could boom right along now if we wanted to.

But the Duke had more ideas.

Have you ever
acted in plays
King?

No!



The first good town we come to,
we'll hire a hall, and put on
Romeo and Juliet. This is how
it goes. . . .



*The Duke told us all about who
Romeo and Juliet were, and
that the King could be Juliet.*

But ain't
my bald
head and
white
whiskers
going to
look funny
on her?

These country
people won't
think of that.
Besides, you'll
be in costume.



Juliet's wearing her
nightgown and her
nightcap. It makes
all the difference!



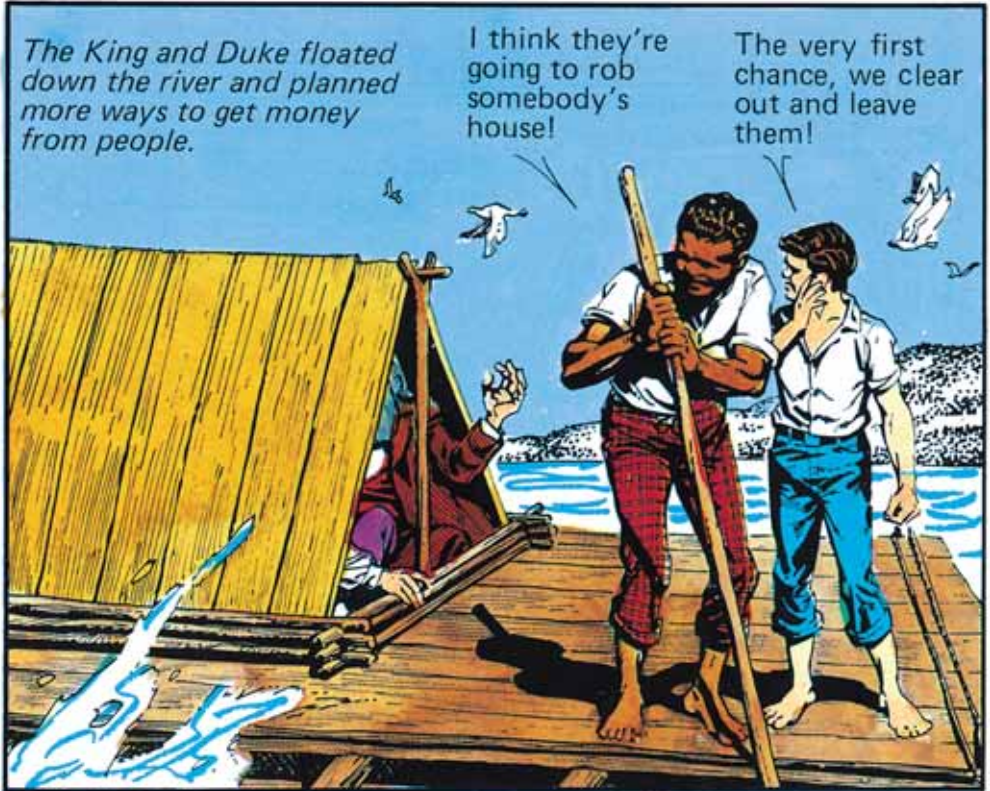
Well, the Duke and the King practiced, and we found a town, and the Duke hired the Courthouse and put up signs, and that night there was a big crowd to see the show.



They don't like Shakespeare.

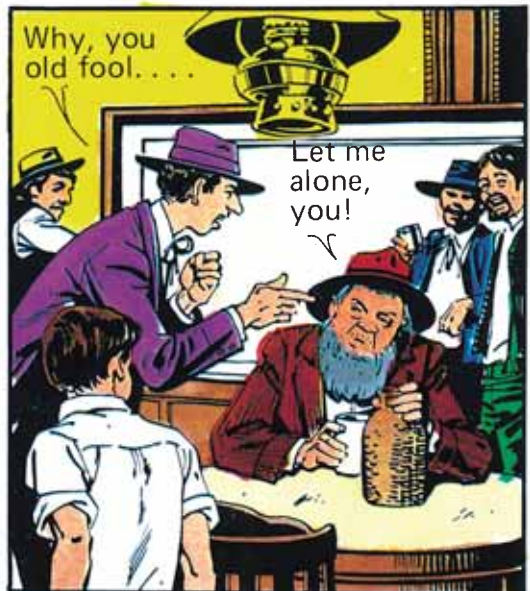
The worst is, I left too fast to grab the money.





One day we tied up near a village and the King went ashore.

At noon we went along, and we found the King. . .so drunk he couldn't walk!



I got away from them both and ran down the river road like a deer.

It'll be a long day before they see Jim and me again!



Then I sat down and cried.



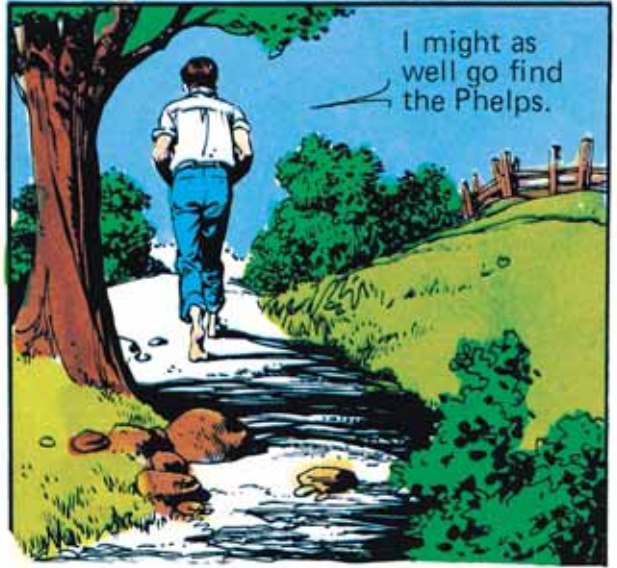
Have you seen a strange Negro around?

Yes, they've got him at the Phelps' place.



He's a runaway slave and they got him. Was you looking for him?

Huck knew it was the King who had turned Jim in with the fake ad about Jim being a runaway slave from New Orleans. He made up his mind to steal Jim from slavery.



When I got near, a lot of dogs and people rushed out. . . .



Dear, dear, I'm so glad to see you! Was the boat late? Tell me all about the family!



Children, come meet your
cousin Tom. . . Tom Sawyer!



*By jings, I almost fell
through the ground to find
out who I was! It was easy to
be Tom Sawyer. . . .*

*At least as long as the real Tom
didn't come along! And just then
I heard a steamboat whistle.*

Aunt Sally, could I
take the wagon
and go get my
bags?

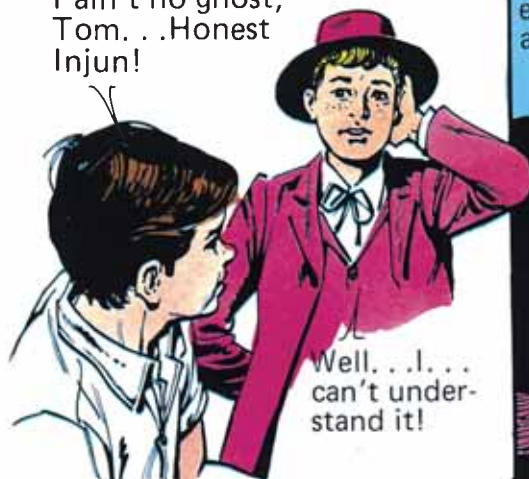
Of course,
child!



*If they were
expecting
Tom, he
might be on
this boat.
Sure enough,
I met him
halfway.*



I ain't no ghost,
Tom. . . Honest
Injun!

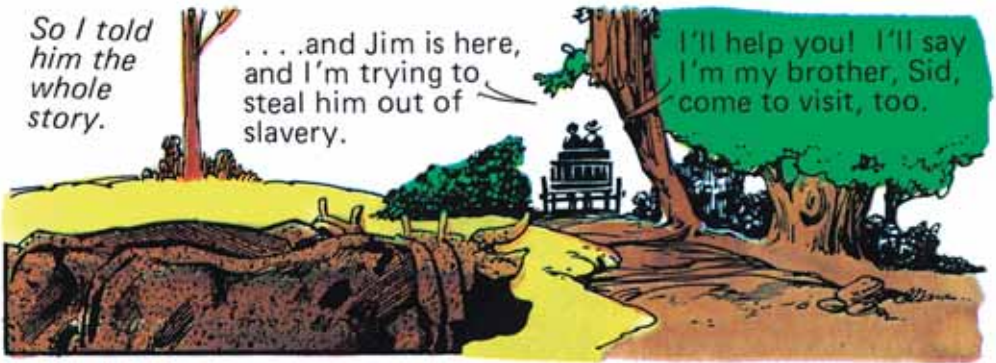


Well. . . I. . .
can't under-
stand it!

Weren't you
ever murdered
at all?

No, it was a
trick! But
I'm in trouble
now. . . .





The Phelpses were very surprised.



Being tired, we went up to bed right after supper, and climbed out of the window and down the lightning rod.



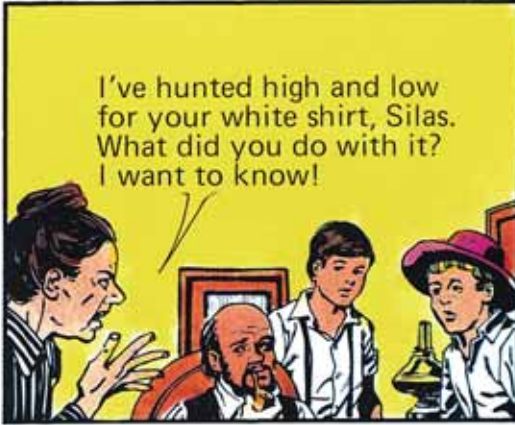


. . . and some metal
things to file pens
from. . . and a rope
ladder made from
sheets.



*I think Jim might have
liked it simple, and
him free. . . but he went
along with Tom's plans.*

As time passed, Aunt Sally got mad and I got worried.



It worked real good. When we went out that night, fifteen farmers with guns were hiding around the yard.

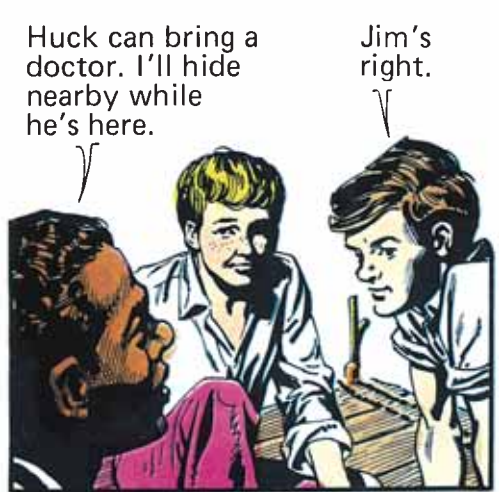


We would have made it but Tom's pants caught on a splinter and snapped it.



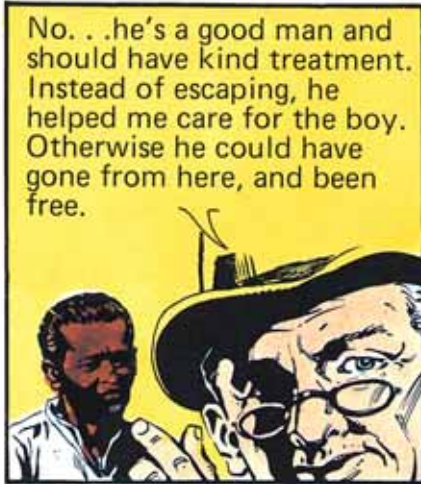
We ran as fast as we could. The bullets fairly flew around us!



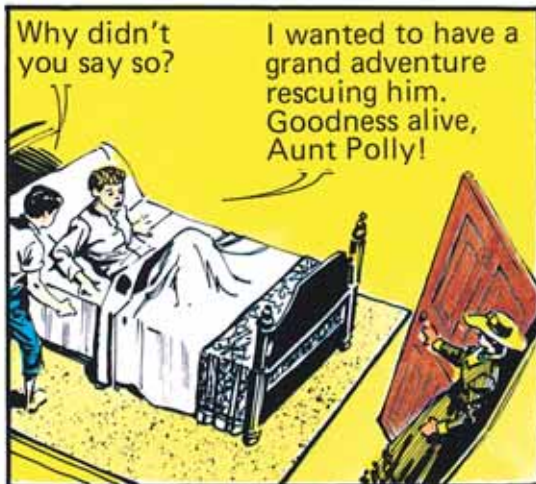


I got the doctor. Told him my brother got shot hunting. But back at the canoe there was a problem.



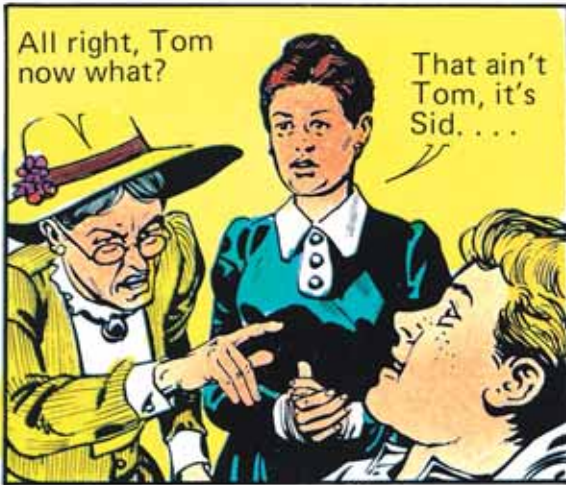


Later, Tom came to.



I tried to hide.

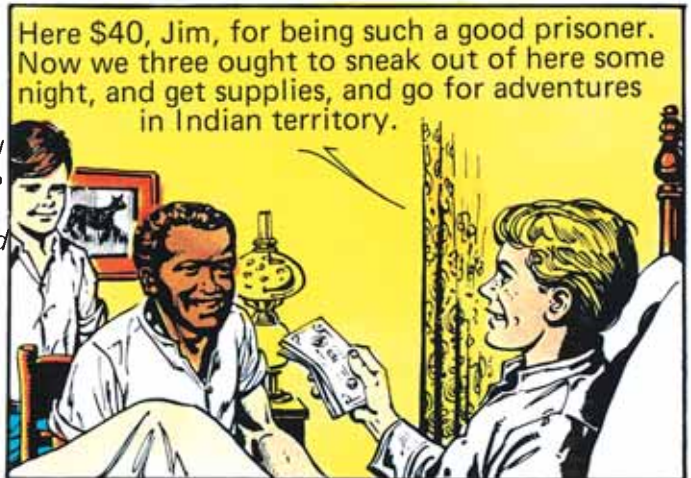




They were the most mixed-upest-looking persons I ever seen.



We had Jim out of the chains in no time, and when everybody heard how good he helped the doctor take care of Tom, they made a fuss over him. And we had him up to the sickroom and had a fine old talk.



I ain't got no money to buy me an outfit. It's likely my Pap's been back before now, and got it all away from Judge Thatcher.



Your Pap ain't comin' back no more, Huck.

Remember the house we saw in the flood, and the dead man I didn't let you look at? That was your Pap.



There ain't nothing more to write about and I'm glad of it. If I'd knowed what trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't have done it. Now I got to leave ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally, she plans to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it.

THE
END

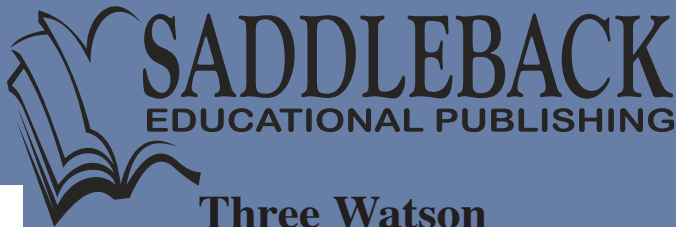


I been there before!

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